

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

HELEN'S UNHAPPY DAY OF TRIVIAL VEXATIONS IS FOLLOWED BY A REAL MISFORTUNE.

"Maggie, I've told you so many times not to push this table back against the wall." There was an unusual note of irritation in Helen's voice. "You see how it mars the paper? Now I want you to leave this at least an inch from the wall."

Maggie whisked the dust cloth about the legs of a chair in resentful silence.

"And another thing, Maggie, didn't I tell you to put all the bureau scarfs and those dollies in the wash last week?"

"That was a big wash, m'am, with them curtains and that bedspread. Mrs. O'Grady couldn't do no more in one day."

"She's not expected to. It was distinctly understood when you came here, that what Mrs. O'Grady couldn't wash in one day, you were to do the next. Now, Maggie, hereafter I want you to put these scarfs in every other week—whether the washing is big or not."

Here the bell rang, and, grumbling under her breath, Maggie went to answer it.

She came back with a box from the cleaner's and a bill for \$1.70. Helen glanced at the bill as she went in to get her pocket-book.

Peerless Cleaning & Lyeing Co.
Wash \$1.50
2 pr. Gloves20

"Why I thought they charged only five cents for washing short gloves," Helen protested, when she went to the door to pay the boy.

"I don't know, m'am, it's on your bill."

"But I've never paid more than five cents for washing gloves." Twice that it would be foolish to call up the office, so Helen handed him \$1.75—a dollar bill, fifty cents and a quarter.

"I ain't got no change," starting to put the money in his pocket, plainly implying that he expected her to say, "Keep the nickel." At any other time Helen might have said it, but she had no intention of saying it now.

"Surely you've got five cents."

"No, m'am, I ain't got nothing."

"Then give me back that quarter!" Helen's hesitancy to ask a favor of Maggie just now was overcome by her determination not to let that boy take advantage of her, for she knew he would not have been sent out with C. O. D. packages without a cent of change. "Maggie," she called, "can you change a quarter?"

But Maggie had only a dollar bill and fifteen cents. There was a gleam of satisfaction in the boy's eyes, which increased Helen's determination not to give him the nickel. And now as the elevator boy, but he, too, had no change for a quarter.

So, after all, Helen had no choice but let the boy keep the nickel. Her cheeks burnt angrily as she closed the door. The incident had not served to lessen her irritation.

Everything had gone wrong that day. She had gotten up with a dull headache. The night had been warm and sultry, she had not slept well, and when morning came her back ached, her head ached and she felt more tired than when she had gone to bed.

All day everything had seemed to conspire to irritate her. And now as she opened the box from the cleaner's she felt certain that something would be wrong.

The waist was a dark blue chiffon, they had pressed it badly, and the lace collar was torn where one of the collar bones had been shoved through. The gloves were stiff, and two of the buttons were gone.

Why had she not examined them before she paid the boy? Helen tossed the box, waist and all on the bed with a strong desire to cry. Why must everything go wrong today?

Then the phone rang, and she hurried to answer it. Somehow a telephone ring always meant for Helen a little thrill of anticipation. Just the sound of the bell seemed full of pleasant possibilities.

"Number, please," shrilled Central. "Why, you just rang!" indignantly. "Excuse it, please."

Very Irritable.

Helen changed up the receiver with an angry exclamation. Twice that morning she had been called by mistake.

"Oh, get out of the way, pussy purr-mew!" as the kitten, playing with a piece of crumpled paper, almost tripped her up.

The added irritations had increased her headache, and with a wretched sense of discomfort Helen now sat down by her sewing basket to mend the waist. Of course, the scissors were not there, and she had to get up to look for them. Then Pussy Purr-mew knocked off her thimble, and Helen snapped her sharply.

She mended the waist, and tried to prize up the hooks that had been carelessly ironed down. The scissors slipped, and she sucked her hurt finger with angry tears. Then she sewed the buttons on the gloves and started to try on. But they seemed to have shrunk. The stiffened kid split suddenly across the palm.

Bubbling with indignation, Helen went over to the phone and determinedly rang up Mr. Thurston.

"Didn't you say the Peerless Cleaning company did such beautiful work for you? Well, they're simply ruined some gloves for me—a brand new pair that'd never been cleaned before. And they tore a waist—and ironed down all the hooks! Oh, no—I know it's not your fault, I don't mean that—No, of course not. But I thought I ought to tell you."

Oh, why had she called up Mrs. Thurston? It had only made things worse. Mrs. Thurston had plainly resented it, declaring stiffly that she was very sorry she had recommended them.

The phone rang again. Thinking it was just ringing off, Helen did not answer. But she smiled on persistently.

"Hello! Who?" Helen called sharply. "Mr. Robinson? What number do you want? Oh, you've got the wrong number."

Helen's pent-up exasperation had now reached a point where it demanded an outlet. She called angrily for the manager's office.

"Hello! I want to make a complaint. This bill is constantly being rung for the wrong number. Just this morning I've been called three times. Something must be done! I won't be annoyed this way!"

The manager promised to report her complaint and to see that she had better service.

Another Disappointment.

While she was thinking Maggie had put some mail on the desk beside her. A summer resort booklet and a car-

pet cleaning ad. Helen threw impatiently in the waste basket. A plain square cream envelope she tore open with quickened interest, but it was only an engraved announcement of a Fifth av. furrier.

"Dear Madam—We beg to call your attention to our exceptional facilities for storing valuable furs. Our cold storage plant equipped with—"

This, too, went into the waste basket. Why would advertisers never realize that they arouse only antagonism by trying to disguise their advertisements as personal letters?

But this did not end the day's aggravations. There were a number of other things that went wrong before Warren came home. If only he would not be in an ill humor! Helen felt that her strained nerves could stand nothing more.

Warren was late, it was after seven before they sat down to dinner. For once Helen made no attempt to be cheerful nor to make conversation.

"What's wrong with you?" he demanded briefly.

"Oh, dear, it's been the most trying day—everything's gone wrong! I don't think I've ever felt so irritated and so depressed!"

"That's cheerful, and I lost a cool three hundred today." Oh, Warren! How—how did it happen?

"Oh, a firm, Parker & Simms, that I thought was perfectly good, went up. Bankrupt notice out today."

"And you'll not get any of it?"

"Certainly not. That's why they went into bankruptcy—to get out of paying their debts."

"Oh, dear, that's not honest!" "That's enlightening."

"But don't some bankrupt firms pay a percentage of their debts?"

"Well, that bunch won't," grimly. "Three hundred dollars! Womanlike, Helen began to think of all three hundred dollars would buy. The little worries of the day seemed so trivial now."

A Big Loss.

The badly cleaned waist—the ruined gloves, she could have bought a hundred and fifty pair of gloves for three hundred dollars! Then she thought of how long it would take her to save that much money. Her very soul was filled with consuming rage against Parker & Simms.

"Eat your dinner," scowled Warren. "No use sitting there moping over it. Can't do business without losing some money. Guess the three hundred won't break us."

But Helen could not eat. She could think only of that three hundred dollars and of all the things they might have bought with it.

All day she had fretted and worried over the most trivial things. Now she had something to worry about that was real.

WALKERTON.

John Faulkner, who is employed as telegraph operator at Bremen, was calling on friends here Friday.

Mrs. Harry Leroy and sons, Harry and Myron of Waterloo, Ia., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Thompson.

Mrs. Susie Dillon of Michigan City is the guest of relatives in town and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Ball of Chicago visited with friends here the first of last week.

H. C. Gohn and W. F. LaFeber were in Benton Harbor Thursday.

Arvid Ruppel and daughter of Chicago visited here over Sunday with Mrs. Alice Ruppel and other relatives.

Fred Hollingsworth, who is employed as maintainer at the B and O tower, has moved his family to this place.

Mrs. Joe Fitzgerald and son Bruce visited relatives in South Bend Thursday.

Mrs. O. U. Wolfe, Mrs. J. E. Johnson and Mrs. M. B. Slick motored to Laporte Wednesday to spend the day with Mrs. George Baylor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crowe and grandson attended the funeral of Mrs. Crowe's brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Hoover and mother of Laporte, Mrs. Flora Nichols of Valparaiso and Mrs. Mollie Nichols of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. B. Boggs and son Lawrence of Argos, were here Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ed. McCarty.

Mrs. Jesse McDaniel of Mishawaka is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Restorick of South Bend spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Steven Grommon.

Mrs. Frank Curtis has returned to her home in Chicago after a visit of several days with relatives here.

Edward Everly died Saturday at the tuberculosis hospital in Laporte where he had been for several weeks. He was 36 years old and leaves an eight-year-old son. The wife of the deceased died a year ago. The funeral was held in the Methodist church here, being conducted by Rev. Belcher of Kingsbury. Interment in Williams cemetery.

Mrs. Ed McCarty, 63, died at her home in Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 5, 1914.

She is survived by two sons and a daughter, Charles of Seattle, Wash.; Fred of Holland, Mich.; and Martha of Grand Rapids, Mich. One brother, Morgan Fink, of Argos, Ind., and seven grandchildren.

The body was brought to this place Tuesday and the funeral was held in the United Brethren church at 10 o'clock, services being conducted by Rev. S. H. Yager. Burial in Woodlawn cemetery.

The Misses Esther and Eliza McGinnis of Cabery, Ill., are here visiting their cousins, Mrs. O. H. Wenger and Mrs. Draper Wiley.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thornburg Sept. 8.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn Sept. 10.

VETERAN DIES.

HARRISON, Ind., Sept. 13.—Kosmos Fredericks, aged 91, a native of Prussia, Germany, and a Mexican war veteran, died Saturday. He owned extensive milling interests in Lawrensburg and Harrison.

GARY MAN DEAD.

GARY, Ind., Sept. 13.—John Tighe, 61 years old, veteran railway engineer and well known in northern Indiana, is dead here as a result of a fall in his home today.

Nobby Fall Styles of Hats and Caps at John Hale Hat Store, 127 W. Wash. Ave.

Theaters

AT THE ORPHEUM.

Bert Hanlon, with a singing and talking act, walks away with the honors of the new bill at the Orpheum which started yesterday. He is a young chap, clean cut and clever, with songs of the sort that Broadway likes and a line of original patter that is bright and humorous. He puts his songs over with an easy assurance that holds the attention and while there is a bit of spice to some of the lines it is the sort of an act that big city audiences thoroughly enjoy.

The pantomime dancing act presented by Menlo Moore is artistic, classy and well staged. It is hard to connect it with the title, "All For a Kiss" but Gladys Fox and Marie Davis are good to look at and show a great deal of versatility—and other things. Arthur Miller acts as a dancing partner for both. The costumes are briefly gorgeous and the settings elaborate.

Moore, Brownie and Christie present a bit of minstrelsy which is mildly humorous, contains some good hard shoe dancing and affords Miss Moore an opportunity to sing one ballad. Angelo Armento and Brownie do difficult tumbling cleverly and Marlette's manikins is the best staged and most interesting act of this kind that has played at the Orpheum. A Keystone comedy amuse.

Mystery Picture.

Today's pictures at the Auditorium are "The Million Dollar Mystery" in two parts, "The Betrayal of a Beautiful Woman" and "The Betrayal of a Beautiful Woman" a George Kleine production in two parts.

The story concerns the Four Carpenters, classic dancers, who secure a metropolitan engagement and immediately win the admiration of the theater going public. Their beauty and talent attract many suitors and in a few months, three of the four sisters are engaged, only Marion, the eldest, is fancy free.

Fred Bernard, engaged to Louise, the youngest of the sisters, is an unscrupulous young idler, proud of his reputation as the breaker of hearts. He makes a bet that he can jilt Louise and in spite of the relationship, win the love of Marion. And he wins the wager. When they learn what he has done, the girls disown the eldest sister. She hopes to find consolation in Bernard's love, but soon discovers quite by accident, that he is as untrue to her as he had been to Louise. Disillusioned, she slowly follows her way back to the theater. There, in the great electric sign above the entrance, she sees that the "four" in the "Four Carpenters" has been changed to "three." Heart broken, she goes behind the scenes to sue for pardon, and it is Louise, the one who has suffered most from her disloyalty, who persuades the others to forgive.

SAFETY FIRST.

Ground Floor 320 S. Mich. St.

Today's Pictures:

"THE GREAT MINE DISASTER" In Four Reels.

LITTLE MARY PICK-FORD in "The Feud of the Kentucky Hills."

AND TWO OTHER PICTURES.

5c Matinee Today at 1:30. 10c Evening at 7.

AT THE MAJESTIC.

The new bill of vaudeville which began a four days' engagement at the Majestic Sunday was a particularly interesting one, presented by Wilbur Burton as the principal feature. Burton was formerly a press photographer for a large St. Louis daily and in his varied newspaper experience he secured a number of strange and interesting pictures. He has arranged a series of slides and talks and he is now appearing in vaudeville in his famous "Pictures and Stories From Life." Gruber and Kew, known as the "Scotch Lad and Lassie," offer comedy songs, instrumental numbers, dances and happy selections. The Great Morton is a magician and illusionist.

The picture portion of the program for today consists of a lively Selig drama, "Reporter Jimmie Intervenes" and "Nana's Victory," a remarkably strong story, well constructed and well acted.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.

"Brewster's Millions" a five part photodrama taken from the well known play of the same name, will be the attraction at the Oliver for three days starting today. Four performances will be given each day at 1:45, 2:15, 7:30 and 9. The story concerns one Monty Brewster who is left a million dollars by one uncle and then another uncle leaves him seven millions on the condition that he spend the first million in one year, but he is not to squander it, nor give it away, but to spend it legitimately. He has a hard time doing so and it is quite exciting at times when he comes near losing the seven millions.

"The Little Rebel" a famous war drama in six parts will be seen at the Oliver for four days starting Thursday, Sept. 17.

AT THE COLONIAL.

The Colonial presents a varied program of three good pictures today. Arthur Johnson and Little Braccio in "The Question and Answer Man," is a Lubin drama in an interesting setting. "The Clash of Virtue," an Esanay drama that is skillfully developed and holds the interest. "The Fable of Napoleon and Bumps" is an Esanay comedy full of fresh humor that is most amusing.

AT THE DELITE.

A four reel drama with the weird settings undergirded is "The Great Mine Disaster" at the Delite today.

This story is a graphic picture of the life of brave men in moments of danger and the scenes are said to be most thrilling. A feature of unusual interest is the appearance of little Mary Pickford in "A Feud of the Kentucky Mountains," showing this captivating star in one of her most popular characters. Two other good comedies will be shown making seven pictures in all. The matinee prices will be five cents for all parts of the house except Sundays and holidays.

SELF-RELIANT HOME DOCTORS

is what women are called who all over this broad land make their annual collections of roots and herbs and rely upon recipes which our pioneer mothers found dependable for different family ailments. In one of these recipes, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has its origin and so successful has it proved that there is hardly a city, town or hamlet in America where some woman who has been restored to health by its use does not reside.

KEITH VAUDEVILLE.

Orpheum THEATRE

NOW PLAYING

Menlo Moore's "ALL FOR A KISS" ANGELO ARMENTO TO & BROS. Acrobatic Act. MARLETTE'S MANIKINS.

BERT HANLON MOORE, BROWNIE & CHRISTIE.

Matinee Daily—2:30 Night 7:30 and 9:00 THURSDAY—New Vaudeville.

MAT 10c 15c EVE 10c 15c 25c

MAJESTIC

VAUDEVILLE AND PICTURES

Today and Tonight

GREAT MORTON Magician and Illusionist.

GRUBER & KEW "Scotch Lad and Lassie."

WILLIAM BURTON, JR. Stories From Life.

AND THREE PICTURES.

10c ALWAYS ONE PRICE 10c

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SURPRISE THEATER

The Home of Good Pictures.

TODAY

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"

Thanouser \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production.

EPISODE 12—THE ELUSIVE TREASURE-BOX.

CAST

Stanley Hargrave, the millionaire. Alfred Norton Florence Gray, Hargrave's daughter. Florence LaBadie Jones, Hargrave's butler. Sidney Bracey The Countess Olga. Marguerite Snow Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Frank Farrington Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter. James Cruze Susan Farlowe, Florence's companion. Lila Chester

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"

Exceptionally Good Imp Two Reel Drama.

AUDITORIUM

Remember This Clincher: \$10,000 Will be Paid for the Best 100-word Solution of the Photo-play Today.

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"

The Beautiful Two Reel Serial Story.

"TO FORGIVE, DIVINE"

A two-part Kleine production.

"THE BETTER MAN"

A Lubin.

Oliver—4 Times Today

Photo-drama Entitled

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

5 Reels—215 Scenes. PRICE—10 cents.

THE NEW COLONIAL

118 S. MICHIGAN ST. HIGH CLASS PICTURES

Today and Every Day.

MONDAY'S PROGRAM:

"THE QUESTION AND ANSWER MAN"

With Arthur Johnson.

"A CLASH OF VIRTUES"

"THE FABLE OF NAPOLEON AND BUMPS"

5c Never Higher 5c

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT AD

Men, Get Cured

FEES AS LOW AS \$3.50

Rid Yourself of Disease by Quick, Safe Scientific Methods

Don't give up. Call and be examined by a specialist who has had many years' experience in curing men. He will tell you the truth about your condition, FREE.

Men who are suffering and cannot pay the fees charged by most specialists, should take advantage of this offer and GET CURED. Call at once, have a talk with us and we will explain to you our treatment. We are curing people daily without cutting, chloroform or danger. No matter who has failed or how long you have suffered, don't give up. Call and we will EXAMINE you FREE.

Rupture Cured Without Surgery. Causes we accept for treatment have no pain and are not detained a moment from business.

Rectal Ailments Vanish. Piles, Fistula, Prolapses and other Rectal Diseases treated without the knife.

Rheumatism Ended. Enlarged, Swollen and Stiffened Joints cured without ruining the stomach by harsh medicines.

Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Perverted Appetite, Fullness After Eating, Gases, Dizziness and Heartburn quickly cured.

Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Pains in back, swollen limbs and other symptoms of these ailments quickly banished.